And from two brothers lineallie discent?
Suppose by right and equitie thou be king,
Thinkst thou that I will leaue my kinglie seate
Wherein my father and my grandsire sat?
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my realme,
I and our colours often borne in *France*,
And now in *England* to our harts great sorrow
Shall be my winding sheete, why faint you Lords?
My titles better farre than his.

War. Proue it *Henrie* and thou shalt be king?

King. Why *Henrie* the fourth by conquest got the Crowne.

York. T'was by rebellion gainst his soueraigne.

King. I know not what to saie my titles weake,
Tell me maie not a king adopt an heire?

War. What then?

King. Then am I lawfull king For *Richard*
The second in the view of manie Lords
Resignde the Crowne to *Henrie* the fourth,
Whose heire my Father was, and I am his.

York. I tell thee he rose against him being his
Soueraigne, & made him to resigne the crown perforce.

War. Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstrainde,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?

Exet. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.

King. Art thou against vs, Duke of *Exceter*?

Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

King. All will reuolt from me and turne to him.

Nor.

Northum. *Plantagenet* for all the claime thou laist,
Thinke not king *Henry* shall be thus deposde?

War. Deposde he shall be in despight of thee.

North. Tush *Warwike*, Thou art deceiued? tis not thy
Southerne powers of *Essex*, *Suffolke*, *Norffolke*, and of
Kent that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.

Cliff. King *Henrie* be thy title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence.
Maie that ground gape and swallow me aliue,
Where I do kneele to him that slew my father.

King. O *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my soule.

York. *Henry* of *Lancaster* resigne thy crowne.
What mutter you? or what conspire you Lords?

War. Doe right vnto this princelie Duke of *Yorke*,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

Enter Souldiers.

And ouer the chaire of state where now he sits,
Wright vp his title with thy vsurping bloud.

King. O *Warwike*, heare me speake.
Let me but raigne in quiet whilst I liue.

York. Confirme the crowne to me and to mine heires
And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.

King. Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will.

War. Captaine conduct them into *Tuthill* fieldes.

Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your son?

War. What good is this for *England* and himselfe?

Northum. Base, fearefull, and despairing *Henry*.

Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?

West.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Part 3* (STC 21006) LONDON, 1595 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G f.1) Octavo